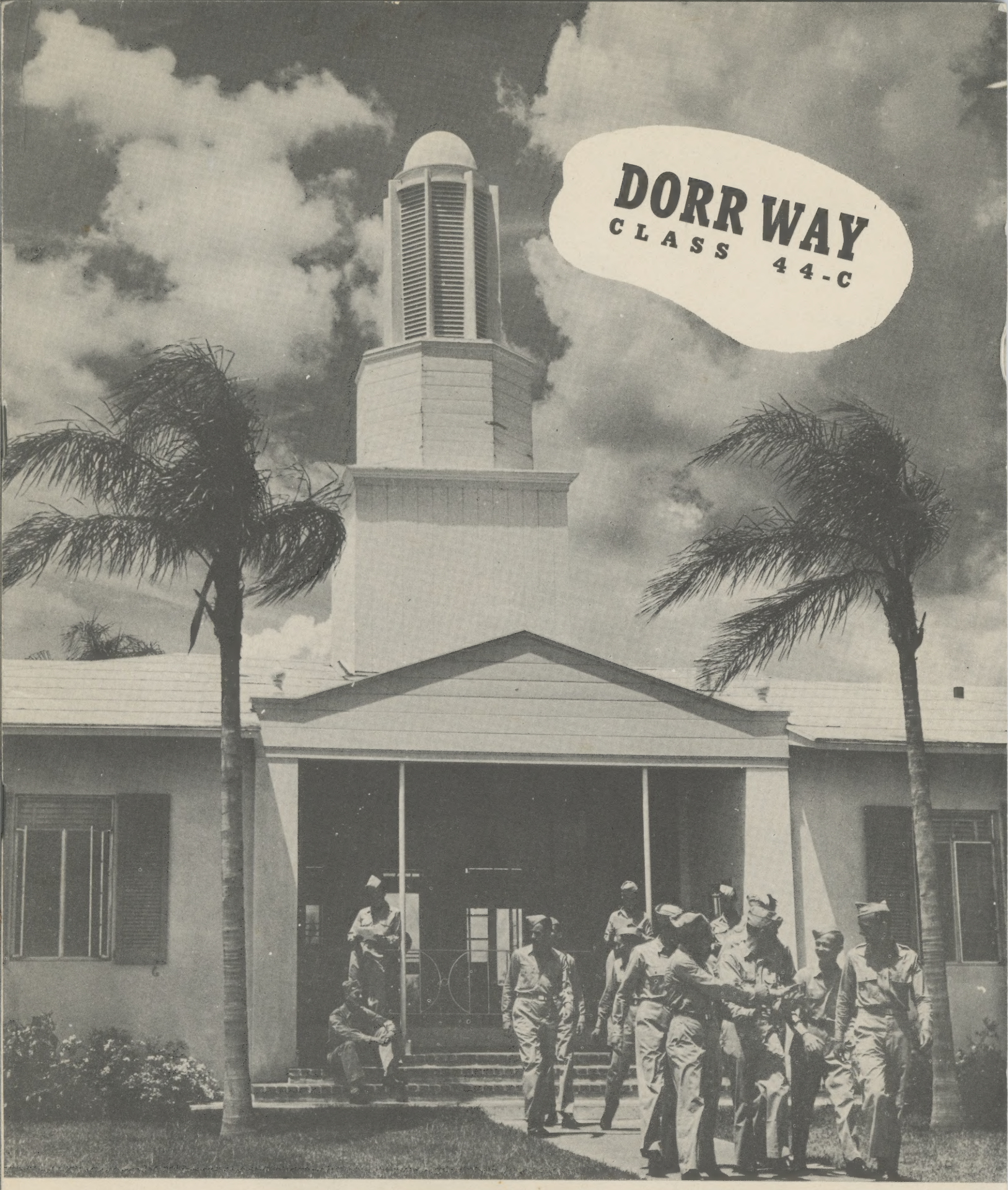


NOVEMBER '43



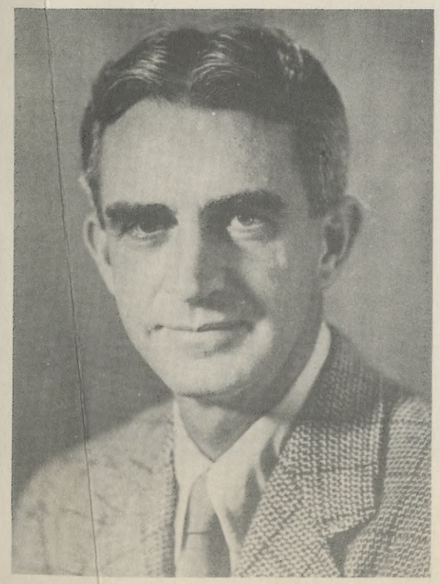
IN an attempt to portray to you back home, a more vivid picture of this phase of our training at Dorr Field, 44-C presents its Primary Flignt Training Class book.

To our new commanding officer, Major James Curnutt, we extend a warm welcome and offer our best wishes for his success in training future pilots.

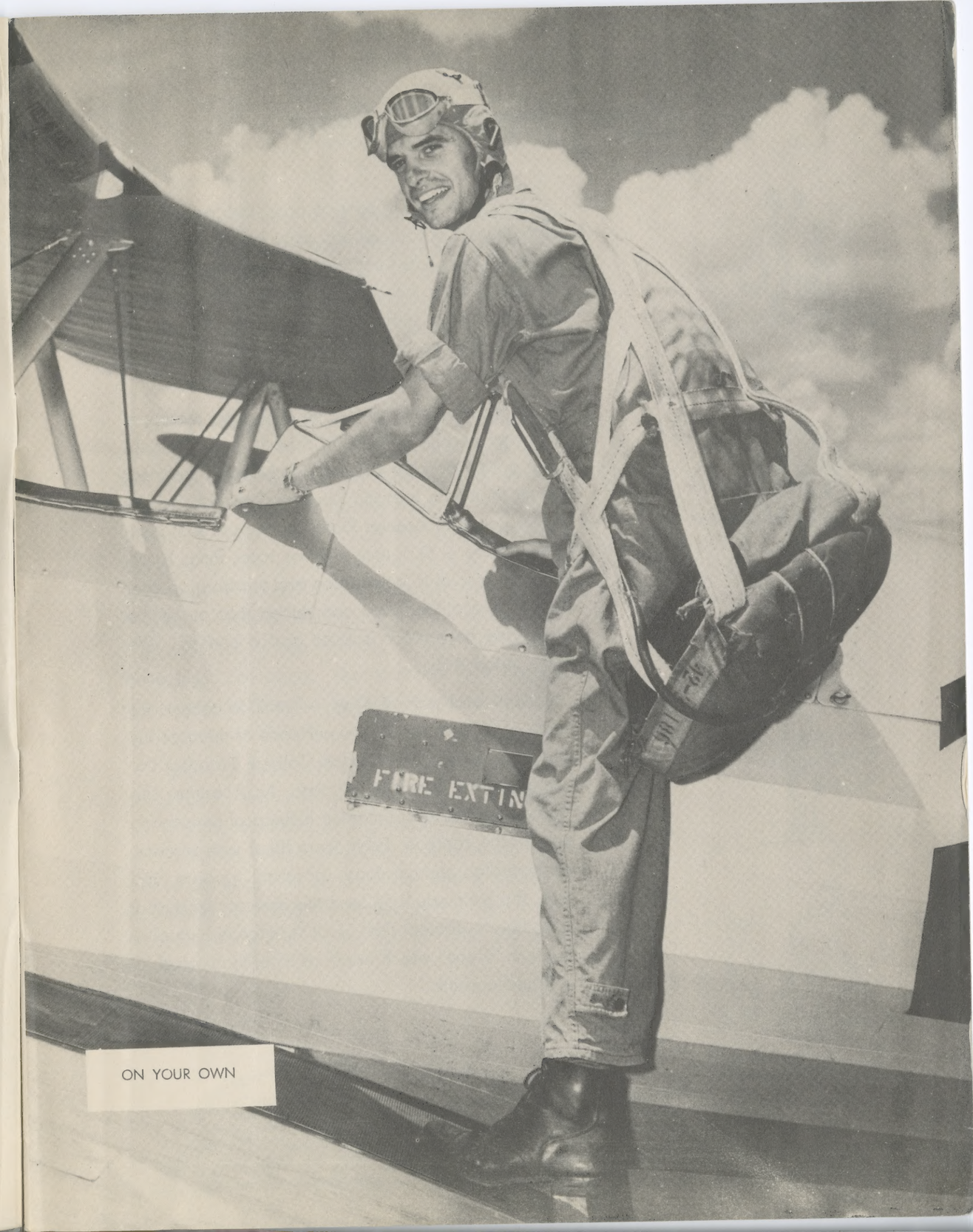
To our instructors who have dedicated themselves to train us to become a part of the greatest air force in the world, we humbly dedicate this book.

We are most grateful to Mr. John Paul Riddle and his organization. Our work here has been crowded with many pleasant hours and it will offer memories in days to come.

We are also indebted to Mr. Charlie Ebbetts whose beautiful photographs of Dorr Field speak for themselves.



Prepare for Combat



ON YOUR OWN

From Whence We Came









You wouldn't believe it now, but we are the same fellows who ages ago slept late in the morning, were often late for school or work; we exercised by running to the nearest conveyance; dashed around late at night; and generally did as we pleased. But we had one desire — we wanted to fly. So we enlisted in the Air Corps Reserve.

Then one day we receivd that terse message: "You are hereby ordered to report . . . ". It could have said, "Beware the ides of March", because March found us in Basic Training Centers such as Miami Beach or Keesler Field, getting our first taste of the Army — G. I. shoes, "Hup, toop, thrip, four", school of a soldier, inoculation and vaccination, dog tags — the million and one things that make the difference between a soldier and a civilian. We were in the Army.

April and part of May — back to college for some of us and the first experience of campus life for many as we were sent to College Training Detachments all over the country. As Aviation Students we marched to classes instead of sauntering around the campus. Days were filled with physics, mathematics, meteorology, physical training and drill. But we made time for dates and an occasional invitation to dinner. Best of all was the ten hours of flying in "Cubs" which made us even more anxious to become pilots.

From Whence We Came







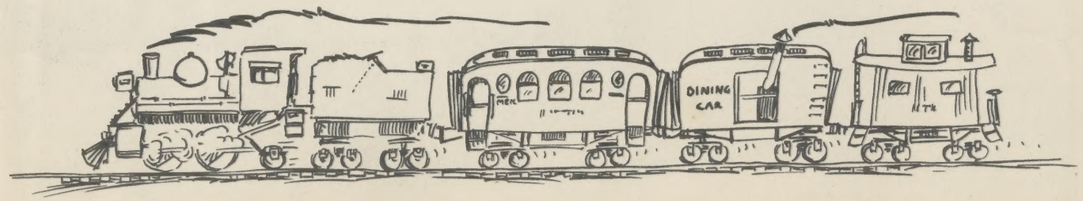


And then it was off to Nashville — psychomotors, the 6-4 physical, classification [we were lucky, our classification was pilot]. Guard duty, K. P., parades, guard duty, maintenance details, K. P., open post, guard duty, and K. P. Shipping orders at last, and the rumors began to fly. "It's Santa Ana!" "San Antonio here we come!"

So we arrived at Maxwell Field. Discipline and more discipline. We struggled in class through a veil of sweat to absorb the distinction between a Lambert and polyconic projection, or to decide whether that last plane on the screen was a Beaufort or a Blenheim. One month gone by and we were upper classmen without a class system. And at long last — open post in Montgomery with the Cadet Club and the Standard Club. It was nice having some night life again. But Maxwell was rugged, with a special brand of P. T., the Burma Road, parades, gigs and TOURS!

Time to move again and the usual rumors: "We are getting a month's furlough", "No, it's Camden".

On the afternoon of September 3, 1943 we reported to Dorr Field to begin our Primary flight training, a well seasoned group of men with 6 months of service in the Army — a class well fit and conditioned to take the riggers of the next phase of training.





FLIGHT LINE



PARACHUTE ROOM

STAG LINE





POST OFFICERS (left to right)
FRONT ROW: Lt. Hand, Lt. Pinion, Lt. Cameron, Capt. Palmer, Major Curnutt, Lt. Farmer, Lt. Frank, Lt. Rubertus. BACK ROW: Lt. Kahn, Lt. Anderson, Lt. Gailey, Lt. McLaughlin, CWO Flannagan, Lt. Moore, Lt. Austin, Lt. Green.



GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS (left to right
FRONT ROW: Brennan, Hamilton, House, Gracey, Mueller.
BACK ROW: Boring, Lynch, McKay, Huggins.



BIG SIX (left to right)
FRONT ROW: Taylor, Burt, Mougey. BACK ROW: Fredendall. Lyons, Cullers.



FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS, CLASS 44-C — SQUADRON 1, 2, & 3
FIRST ROW: Streyckman, Long, Sharkey, Dunn, Mougey, Christler, Deitrick, McDonald, Doyle. SECOND ROW: Fredette, O'Connell, Daughtrey, C., Watson, Bergelin, Mellar, Seiler, Morrill, Harper, J. E. THIRD ROW: Sallade, Denham, La Brake, Stone, Brandon, Daughtrey, F., McCleaster, Lipscomb, Ellis.



FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS, CLASS 44-C — SQUADRON 4, 5, & 6 (left to right)
FIRST ROW: Moore, Laney, Andrews, Kelly, Gladson, Kiltie, Graham, Haskins. SECOND ROW: Brown, Reed, Roth, MacMullen, Tygard, Burns, Bates, Krell. THIRD ROW: Sander, Cowley, Johnson, H. M., Renfroe, Neville, Miller, C., Harper, H. S., Howard. FOURTH ROW: Laffey, Roach, Shomaker, Chaffe, Ganley, Thorne, Oberg.



SQUADRON 1, CLASS 44-C (left to right)
FIRST ROW: Poole, Sherwood, Dunn, Taylor, Symons, Tedesco, Beck, Ballantine, Chilton, Roberts, Nest. SECOND ROW: Sybesma, Van Valen, Stone, Reese, Babcock, Timoni, Tarr, Plott, Fero. THIRD ROW: Hill, Schalck, Wright, Wilkinson, Pearson, Swanson, DeWitt, Fornak, Blase, Lardie. FOURTH ROW: Waryold, Herold, Berning, Palka, Brandon, Clark, Lodge, Webber, Crabe.



SQUADRON 2, CLASS 44-C (left to right)
FIRST ROW Figler, Gilliam, Cowan, O'Connor, Kluck, Reecher, Lahr, Crandell, Neubecker, Burmeister. SECOND ROW: Bergquist, Buckley, Kerver, Catlett, Cronin, Shertz, Chandler, Flower, Exum. THIRD ROW: Churbuck, Allen, Long, Ketter, Neal, Fladd, Ginn, Smith, Smith. FOURTH ROW: Nestingen, Ten Hagen, Wydler, Browne, Katz, Anderson, Reynolds, Carroll, Neifert, Whittles.



SQUADRON 3, CLASS 44-C (left to right)
FIRST ROW: Brophy, Kuryloo, Grim, Cox, Newell, Johnston, Ludlow, Kostuch, Price, Seruya, Peyton. SECOND ROW: Whitlock, Schmierer, McCune, Lohlein, Forsberg, Ryman, Heyder, Sampson, Tucker. THIRD ROW: Shields, Sites, Sitton, Kittle, Goodwin, Paff, Sweetnam, Robertson, Brink. FOURTH ROW: Kingston, Cassell Klath, Koskela, Willerton, Long, Mills, Miller, Zollner, Sutton, Tierney.



SQUADRON 4, CLASS 44-C (left to right)
FIRST ROW: Ahman, Dediemar, Buell, Woods, Warthen, Kozeluh, Hann, Prothro, Murphy, Miller. SECOND ROW: Roberts, Pappert, Sebelius, White, Padden, Seth, Norton, Turner, Stafford, Forsberg. THIRD ROW: Koch, Pace, Robertson, Spiegel, Peter, St. Hilaire, Sullivan, Turner. FOURTH ROW: Wintersteen, Zerkel, Taylor, Winner, Whiting, Lawson, Kelly, Donovan, Palmateer.



SQUADRON 5, CLASS 44-C (left to right)
FIRST ROW: Lizer, Spear, Covey, Bucek, Albrecht, Deppe, Langhorst, Noble, Stolberg, Schultz, Yelland, Cowan. SECOND ROW: Carter, Wolak, Clearwater, Berkowitz, Bunderson, Bueren, Smith, Knell, Finnell, Kistler. THIRD ROW: Cohen, Barron, Alexander, Smith, Thompson, Smith, Bowman, Faust, Dennis, Wilmer. FOURTH ROW: Sheffer, Asam, Terrel, Castelli, Sheridan, Kenworthy, Callahan, Bendorf, Tyrell Wasgatt.



SQUADRON 6, CLASS 44-C (left to right)
FIRST ROW: Merrigan, Anderton, Vollerstein, Kassian, Leanza, Nicely, Peese, Miller, Goldsmith, Nichols, Collings. SECOND ROW: Neville, Van OOyen, Florsheim, Cravitt, Featherstone, Dieckman, Kuhns, Vondracek, Walter, Good. THIRD ROW: Nimmo, Weltz, Turner, Perko, Nass, Whalen, Nicholas, Dickey. FOURTH ROW: Whitaker, Guca, Robinett, Wilcox, Churbuck, Eddins, Batchelder, Scott, Polando.



AT EASE



AIR ROOM



A RARE MOMENT



PX

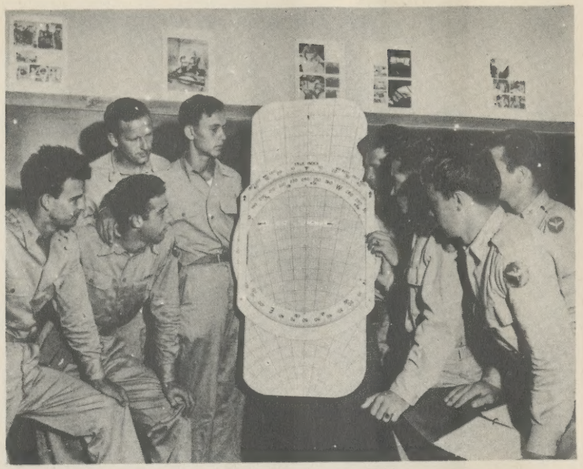


MESS HALL FORMATION

Ground School



WILLING CLASS



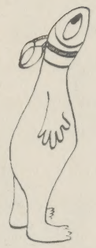
NAVIGATION



THE MISSING LINK



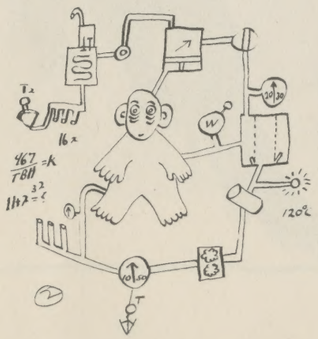
Life Thru the Dorrway



We arrived at Dorr Field at the beginning of the month, full of hope and dewy-eyed ingenuity. No matter what it was, if it was a plane we looked at it. This set us apart from our sophisticated upperclass fully as much as the fact that until we soloed we were not permitted to wear our goggles on our helmets.

O, how we envied those upperclassmen — not only for their right to wear wings on their hats, but also for the nonchalant way they would grab a solo slip, dash off a Form 1, leap into the back seat of a thirteen thousand dollar airplane, and roar off the apron preparatory to checking their "mags." We, meanwhile, would sit on the floor of the hangar, trying to figure out tee settings and how to enter cross-road eights.

We went to ground school and became immediately lost in a maze of engine systems.



We learned about push rods and what they pushed, about thermal efficiency and how to increase it, about wobble pumps and pressure baffles and chronometric tachometers. The romance of the oil droplet from hopper to sump and back again was fully as confusing as those first dual flights with our lovable instructor.



He would talk incessantly through his gossport tube, and we would hear nary a word of it. Bewildered, we would go back to our rooms and study theory of flight.



At night we would sit on our bunks and engage in "hangar flying." Some of us were already hot pilots, and for these favored few the rudder exercise complete stall was as simple as its explanation. The rest of us, however, were too worried about series of turns and possible progress checks to boast about the fact that our first landing had only Four bounces.

Life Thru the Dorrway

Then, one day, we gave our instructor a "good ride," and that boosted our confidence immeasurably.



Once he even cupped his index finger and thumb to indicate a good spin recovery. We began practice in take-offs and landings, learning to dodge puddles in Parker Field and avoid the prop-wash of the eager beaver ahead of us. We were told about making tail-low take-offs on a wet field. We were taught to correct for drift in cross-wind landings. We were shown how to "Get on the Throttle!", "Get that stick back!", and "Get on that left rudder, dammit!"

Suddenly, almost before we knew what had hit us, we soloed!!



That first flight alone was probably the best we ever made. We held our altitude and R.P.M's. right on the button. We kept one eye on the tee [to make sure it didn't change], one eye on the air intake [to make sure it was right on the horizon], and one eye roving about looking for hostile planes and dangerous fellow cadets.

After our two supervised soloes off auxiliary fields, we took off of Dorr Field itself, while our instructors waited for us at the main tee. Our troubles were by no means over, however. We had to practice more cross-wind landings, learn S-turns and eights along a road, and remember to hold the proper airspeed on climbing turns. That was not all. We still had to worry about the traffic pattern's complexities. For example, I came in on a number five tee like this.

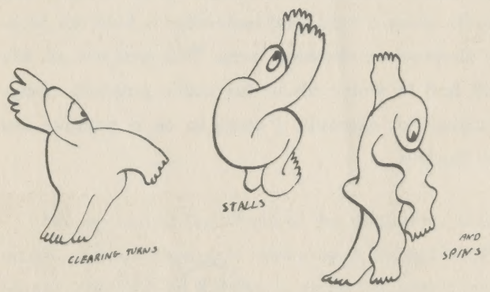


But we stood up against the tirades of our instructor and the vicissitudes of the weather. We were going to be America's pilots, and we could not be denied. We kept on flying and talking about flying.



Life Thru the Dorrway

Some of the most beautiful cross-road eights ever seen were flown under our foot — to say nothing of . . .



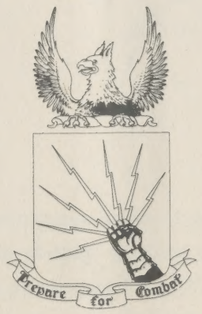
Then how the days flew by! We learned chandelles, lazy eights, pylon eights, climbing turn stalls. Occasionally our instructor would take the stick and show us new and exciting maneuvers. Thus we were soon introduced to inverted flight where everything is worse than it seems.



Before long they lifted our quarantine, and we were allowed to eat at the canteen, swim in the pool, and even visit Arcadia and return to some semblance of civilization. In due time we passed our twenty hour checks, and a few days later we became upperclassmen!

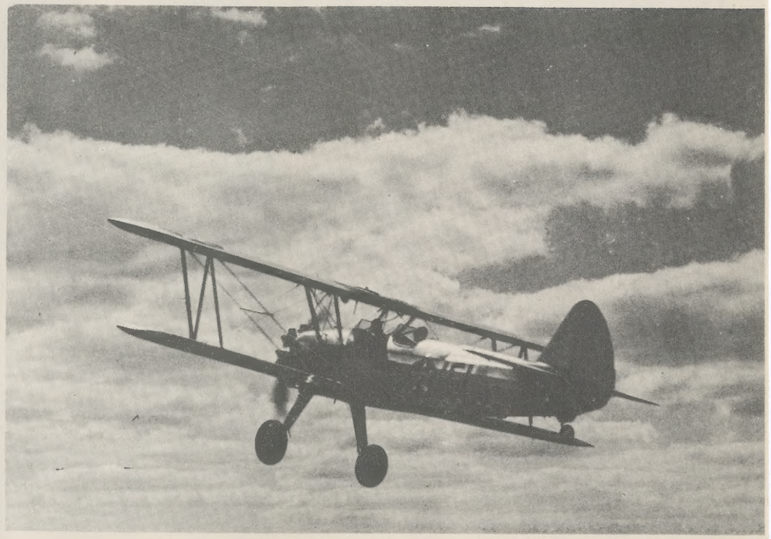
Before we knew what had happened, we had passed our forty and sixty hour checks. We had become masters of the PT-17 — we knew all about snap rolls, slow rolls, Immelmanns, and half rolls. Then, in the midst of our overconfidence, we remembered the old refrain: "If you think this is tough, wait 'til you get to basic!"







"Here 'n There"

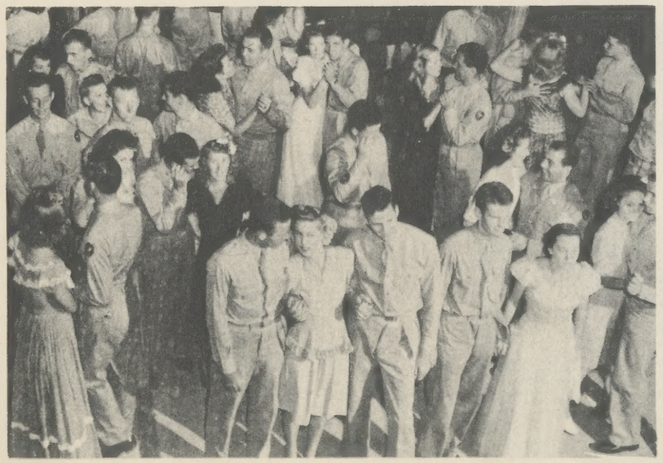






Let's Dance



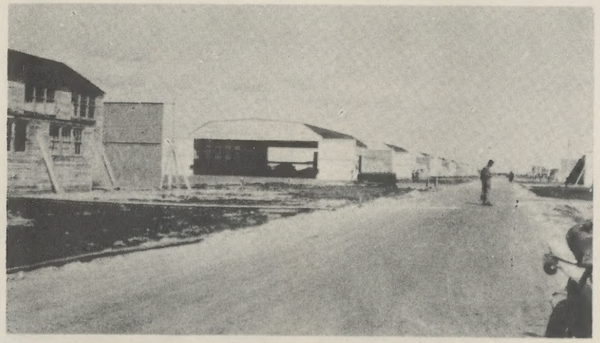


DORR – –

WORLD WAR 1-1918





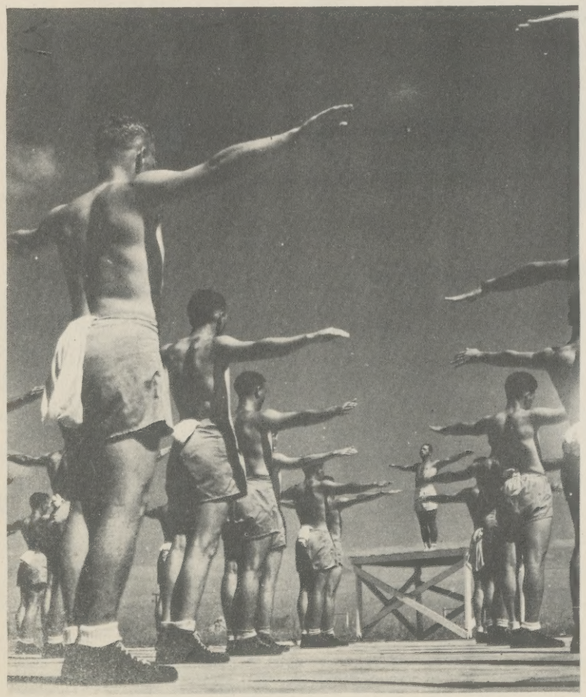








MAN AND MUSCLE





To Our Instructors



The men who underwrite the success of Embry Riddle, as well as our own, merit our testimony. It is not their desire for eulogy or apology. The civilian pilot is a citizen essential to prosecuting this airbourne war. His talent for instruction is translated into the Army pilots of tomorrow.

We have learned to respect, with a full measure of genuine admiration, the exhausting efforts of our civilian flight instructors. This is natural; for our ability to fly stems directly from their sweat, their patience, andoften their exasperated demands. It is correct to say that we are products of their skill and technique. What we know is a distillation of their years of experience. That the Army Air Forces is supplied with an ever growing group of carefully trained flying misters is the aim, the desire, and the actuality achieved by the civilian pilots.

Their flying experience is a civilian experience. The War department has called upon this background of hundreds of thousands of hours in the air and has transferred it to an army pattern. The civilian pilot is in the enlisted reserve and is entrusted with a heavy task.

The War Department is satisfied outspokenly with their eminent efforts; we, their students, when we receive our wings as Air Force pilot, will bear tangible testimony to their efforts.


2X2=5
HUP
TOOP
TWEEP
FO'
J. D. Faletti